THE MOTHER AND CHIL. DOING WELL.

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as performed in the

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THE

MOTHER AND CHILD ARE DOING WELL.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY J. M. MORTON, Esq.,

Author of the "Milliner's Holiday," "Double-bedded Room," "Thumping Legacy," "Attic story," "Young England," "Corporal's Wedding," &c., &c., &c.,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE MOST APPROVED ACTING COPY

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME, CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS;

To which are added,

PROPERTIES AND DIRECTIONS, AS PERFORMED IN THE

PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

TURNER & FISHER:

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c 184- 2

COSTUME.

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MR. SNUSGBY.—(*A planter.*) Nankeen trowsers, frock coat, and white waistcoat.

LIEUT. O'SCUPPER, R. N.—(*his nephew.*) Lieutenant's modern uniform, white trowsers, cap, &c.

MR. FELIX FLUFFEY.—Light brown Newmarket cut coat, blue velvet waistcoat.

MAXWELL.—Pink-striped trowsers, blue stockings, black hat (narrow rim.)

MUNGO.—(*Servant to* SNUGSBY.) Nankeen trowsers and frock.

A NEGRESS.—Negress dress cap and large red cloak.

MISS PENELOPE SNUGSBY.—(*Ward to* SNUGSBY.) Light flowered muslin dress, cap, and large fan.

EMILY.—(*Ward to* SNUGSBY.) All white, black veil and fan.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	LONDON. ADELPHI.	N. YORK. CHATHAM ST.
Mr. Snugsby.	Mr. Lambert.	Mr. Bellamy.
Lieut O'Scupper.	Mr. Bedford.	Mr. Salisbury.
Mr. Felix Fluffey.	Mr. Wright.	Mr. Winans.
Maxwell.	Mr. Worrell.	Mr. Forester.
Mungo.	Mr. Lyndon.	Mr. Greggs.
A Negress.	Mr. Thomas.	Mr. Barnett.
Miss Penelope Snugsby.	Mrs. Laws,	Mrs. La Forest.
Emily.	Miss Fortescue.	Miss Griffith.

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THE MOTHER AND CHILD ARE DOING WELL.

SCENE.—*A Pavilion, partaking both in its Architecture and Furniture of a Tropical character. At* L. C. *an alcove, with curtains drawn before it, at* C. *a door, near the door a large screen; at* R. C. *a widow; at* R. *a door; before the fire place at* L., *a sofa, also table and chairs with Pen, Ink and Paper. In centre taking Coffee,* SNUGSBY, MISS PENELOPE, O'SCUPPER *are seated at table;* EMILY *is on the sofa;* MAXWELL *seated at another small table at* R. L., *is engaged writing, from time to time looking towards* EMILY, *observed by* LIEUT. O'SCUPPER.

Snu. Before Sister Penelope turns over another leaf, perhaps she'll pour me out another cup of coffee.

Pen. (*Putting book down*) Heigho! poor Werther! poor Charlotte!

Snu. Poor fiddlesticks! a couple of silly, snivelling, mawkish sentimental twaddlers; I only wonder, Sister Pen, how, at your time of life—

Pen. My time of life, brother Snugsby!

O'Scu. (*Aside to* SNUGSBY.) Breakers ahead! come most respectable of female aunts, kiss the old gentleman and be friends. You don't suppose I left my ship in Kingston harbour and ran seventy-five miles up the country for the gratification of seeing two eldery individuals, of opposite sexes, pecking at one another from morning till night. Take my advice, fight it out at once, and have done with it.

Snu. Bless you, we're the best friends in the world, ain't we, old girl? [*Giving* MISS P. *a kiss.*

O'Scu. (*Rising.*) 'Pon my life, but this is a mighty comfortable little snuggery. [*Looking about him.*

[*All come forward.*

Snu. We call it the Pavilion. I built it expressly for my excellent young friend, Maxwell, my indefatigable head clerk (MAXWELL *bows.*) whose activity and intelligence have doubled the annual produce of the Snugsby sugar plantations.

Enter a Negro, R. *who clears table.*

Max. Sir, I have only done my duty as your faithful servant.

Snu. Now don't be so damned modest; I tell you you're a treasure, and what's more, I'll quarrel with you or anybody who dares to say the contrary.

Pen. I'm sure, brother, we sha'nt contradict you on that matter.

Emi. (*Warmly.*) No, indeed, Guardy.

O'Scu. (*Aside.*) No, indeed, Guardy! my pretty cousin seems to take a mighty warm interest in this said Mr. Maxwell; I suppose its the climate.

Snu. Besides isn't it the interest of an old fellow like me to prop himself up in his old age with as many affectionate hearts as he can muster about him? First and foremost, there's old Pen—

Pen. Old Pen!

Snu. Well, *dear* Pen, affectionate old soul.

Pen. Old again!

Snu. Who has refused I don't know how many offers—

Pen. Twenty-three!

Snu. Twenty-three! think of that—to spend her old days with her younger brother.

Pen. Old days! *younger* brother! you're incorrigible.

Snu. Ha! ha! and here—here's my little man of war, my sucking Nelson! (*clapping him on the back.*) gets leave to come on shore as often as he can to take his old uncle by the hand; and then there's my laughing merry romping little ward, Emily; but I say, young lady, I don't think you are quite so merry and romping lately.

Emi. (*Confused.*) I—am not—very well.

Max. (*Eagerly.*) Indeed!

O'Scu. (*Aside and imitating.*) Indeed! by my soul, but the head clerk seems to feel the warmth of the climate as much as my cousin.

Snu. Egad, Emily, you must recover your good looks, aye and your merry looks too, or what will your future husband, Mr. Felix Fluffey, say?

Emi. I'm sure I don't care.

O'Scu. Spoken like a man.

Snu. Holloa! mutiny! hold your tongue, sir.

O'Scu. I beg pardon, uncle of mine, but as I'm in the family already, and as this Mr. Duffey—

Snu. Fluffey.

O'Scu. Fluffey seems likely to be in the family way too; I should like to know what there is about this same Mr. Guffey—

Snu. Fluffey. I'll tell you; his father and I were school-fellows, we came the same half-year and left the same half-year, I to the West Indies to grow sugar, he to Cheapside to sell it. Well, years past; a couple of bad crops brought me to the verge of bankruptcy; Fluffey, like a noble fellow, came forward and saved me, but before my acknowledgment of his generosity could reach him.—he died. [*Affected.*

O'Scu. Poor Muffey! and Master Felix is his son.

Snu. Yes—and as I couldn't then conveniently refund the money advanced by his father, I made him one of the house, and now I'm going to make him one of the family, if my little girl here likes him.

Emi. And if the little girl does not like him—

Snu. Why then the little girl shan't have him!—but you must give him a fair trial—it's a long way to come a courting from Cheapside to Jamaica.

O'Scu. (*Aside.*) I see it clearly and distinctly defined in perspective, that I shall have to blow Mr. Puffey's brains out.

Snu. Now, Maxwell, the sooner you are off the better?

Max. Off?—where sir?

Snu. Where? Why to Kingston, of course, in order that you may be ready to receive Mr. Fluffey on his landing—and Maxwell, on your road you may as well as certain if my Dutch friend and neighbour, Mynheer Von Poots, whose estate joins mine, has yet returned from his annual trip to Rotterdam!—and then at the same time you can deliver something for me to his pretty daughter Katrine.

Max. What, sir?

Snu. A kiss!

Max. (*Confused.*) I really—that is—

O'Scu. I'll give it her!

Pen. (*To* MAXWELL.) Come, Mr. Modesty, I'm sure you liked the girl!

Snu. Sweet as sugar upon her!

Max. Nay, I assure you—

Snu. Oh, very well,—you know best—and now, as we've been your guests long enough, we'll go up to Snugsby's House and mix the punch.

[SNUGSBY, MISS P. *and* O'SCUPPER *retire up.*

Max. (*Aside to* EMILY.) One word!

Emi. Hush! take this.

Max. A key?

Emi. Yes. It opens the small gate that separates the two estates.

Max. I see!—You're an angel of goodness.

[*Taking her hand.*

O'Scu. (*Who has been impatiently watching them, now comes forward*) Ahem! (*Puts a shawl on* EMILY.) A pleasant journey to you Mr. Maxwell!

[*Taking* EMILY'S *arm with his.*

Emi. Good bye!—take care of yourself!

[*To* MAXWELL.

O'Scu. (*Fiercely to* MAXWELL.) Yes, sir, take care of yourself!

Snu. (*Coming forward.*) Now, Pen, come along. Good bye, Maxwell, (*Shaking hands.*) the sooner you get your nag saddled and start, the sooner you'll be able to tell Mr. Fluffey how we all long to see him.

Emi. (*Aside.*) Heigho?

O'Scu. Cuffey's a dead man!

[*Exeunt* SNUGSBY, MISS P., EMILY, *and* O'SCUPPER, *at* C.

Max. Well! mine's a pleasant situation! as for obeying Mr. Snugsby's orders and starting off for Kingston, that's quite out of the question. Ha! ha! I can't help laughing at poor O'Scupper's jealousy—he's deseperately in love with his cousin, Emily, and fancies he sees a rival in me—pshaw—but how to undeceive him—no—no—my secret must remain unrevealed until Mynheer Von Poot's return,

and then he, and all shall know Emily is nought to me but the faithful confiidante—the dear, generous friend of my beloved Katrine—my wife for more than a year—and within these few days, the mother of my boy—and such a boy. Katrine promised that her faithful old nurse should bring him to me here to-night—so let me make haste and unlock the gate.

O'Scu. (*Without centre door.*) But you shall hear me!

Max. O'Scupper's voice! Then I've no time to lose! [*Jumps out of the window, closing the blinds after him.*

Enter O'SCUPPER *at* C. *pulling in* MISS PENELOPE.

Pen. Where are you dragging me too?

O'Scu. Don't be frightened! It's all right! Aunt—

Fra. What is the the matter?

O'Scu. The matter? Need you put on your spectacles to see that I'm mad!—frantic!—in short, a victim to the tender passion! [*Furiously.*

Pen. Very tender certainly! In a word, you're in love with your cousin Emily!

O'Scu. In two words, I am!

Pen. I know it, and have spoken to brother Snugsby in your favour—but I regret to say—

O'Scu. That'll do—then all I can say is, that the moment Mr. Tuffey becomes an inhabitant of this island, he ceases to be one of its population!

Pen. Nonsense—before you begin depopulating the island, are you sure that Emily loves you?

O'Scu. She never said so—but then some women have a knack of saying a good deal without opening their mouths—little interesting telegraphic signals—by the bye, talking of signals, I saw cousin Emily and the head clerk exchange winks—I mean looks—and then they whispered.

Pen. I saw them!

O'Scu. You didn't happen to hear them?

Pen. No! did you?

O'Scu. D'ye think I'd be guilty of such a dirty action? now after mature deliberation, I think the most satisfactory course to all parties that I can pursue under the present circumstances, is to kill Mr. Puffey first; then if Emily marries Mr. Maxwell, to kill *him*; and after that, if she wont marry me, to kill *myself;*

Pen. Now don't be rash; recollect Mr. Fluffey can't possibly be here till the day after to-morrow, and—

Enter MUNGO *at* C. D. *from* L.

Mun. He, he! Massa Fluffycome, Massa Fluffeycome!
O'Scu. The devil!
Mun. Iss.
Pen. Mr. Fluffey arrived! and his room not ready!
O'Scu. Ha, ha! he won't have mine!
Pen. How ridiculous to arrive two days before his time!
O'Scu. Quite absurd! We'll send him back again! Mungo, tell the gentleman to go back again!
Mun. Iss, Massa! [*Going.*
Pen. Stay; on second thoughts, as Mr. Maxwell has gone to Kingston, Mr. Fluffey can pass the night here in the Pavilion. Mungo, see every thing prepared; make haste, and bring lights.
Mun. Iss, Missy Penelope. [*Runs out,* C.
Scu. Oh! the gentleman sleeps here does he, then I'll know where to find him to-morrow morning, and we can fight it out comfortably before breakfast.
Flu. (*Without.*) What, taken you by surprise, eh? just my way, ha! ha!

Enters, followed by SNUGSBY *and* SERVANTS *with candles.*

If there is one thing, Snuggy, I adore more than another, it is taking people by surprise, here! (*putting his hat in* SNUGSBY'S *hand and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.*
Snu. (*Astonised.*) Ha! ha! rather cool at first sight.
Flu. Cool, you call it, phew!
Snu. My dear Mr. Fluffey, allow me the pleasure of presenting to you—
Flu. I know, the lovely creature whose charms—you—
[*Looking at* MISS P. *whom* SNUGSBY *presents.*
Snu. My sister, Miss Penelope Snugsby.
Flu. Good gracious, how you frightened me.
[*Bows to* MISS P.
Snu. (*Pointing to* O'SCUPPER *who is on the other side of* FLUFFEY.) That my dear Fluffey, is—
Flu. Ah! [*Tenderly and turning to* O'SCUPPER, *who looks, daggers at him, nose to nose,* FLUFFEY *retreats.*

Snu. That, I say, is my nephew, Lieutenant O'Scupper, of the Royal Navy.

Flu. The Royal Navy? oh! a military man. (*Aside.*) Memorandum, not a man to quarrel with. (*Aloud.*) Sir, I hope we shall be friends—dear friends. (*Trying to take* O'Scupper's *hand, who withdraws.*) I honour your profession! (*following him.*) I revere your cloth!

[*Here* Fluffey *turns about as if looking for some one,* Snugsby, Miss P., *and* O'Scupper *do the same.*

Snu. Have you dropped any thing?

Flu. Oh! dear, no, but there is another interesting member of the family—

Snu. My ward, Emily! yes, but between you and me, she's rather—

Pen. Yes—slightly—

Flu. Oh! indisposed, eh! what's the matter?

Snu. Why, I don't exactly know—

[Fluffey *turns to* Miss P.

Pen. I can't exactly say.

[Fluffey *turns to* O'Scupper.

O'Scu. (*Fiercely.*) I know nothing at all about it.

Flu. Evidently a peculiar case—

Snu. Never mind. Well, Mr. Fluffey, I hope you enjoyed your voyage?

Flu. (*Very seriously.*) No, sir, I did not.

Snu. Ha! ha! you were rather unwell, eh?

Flu. Unwell! sir, I happened to be horribly ill—excruciatingly ill. I went to bed of the Nore Light and there I stopped the whole voyage; never got up once, not even to have the thing they called my bed made. Catch me going back by sea, that's all!

O'Scu. I should recommend the ærial machine.

Flu. I must wait till some such clever genius as yourself has completed it! In the mean time I shall be perfectly satisfied with the rail-road!

Snu. Well, Mr. Fluffey, as I said before, you're heartily welcome.

Flu. You did not say it before, but never mind that?

Pen. Mr. Fluffey—

Flu. (*Yawning very loud.*) Ma'am. Beg pardon, but it's a habit I've got, when I'm sleepy!

Snu. Sleepy are you? then suppose we retire for the night. Egad, you come upon us so suddenly that we ain't had time to get your room ready—so you must sleep here—it's not far from the house, and I'm sure you're not afraid of robbers.

Flu. I don't know that.

Snu. Not that there are any.

Flu. Oh, then I'm not. Three-fingered Jack's dead, isn't he? I saw him once at the Coburg!

Snu. Well, good night, and to-morrow morning I'll present you to Emily.

Flu. Well, considering the distance I've come on purpose, I think that's the least you can do.

Snu. By the bye, we breakfast at five.

Flu. Do we? then if you've no objection I'll take my breakfast to bed with me.

Snu. Ha, ha! You're a wag! Good night!

[*Shaking his hand.*

Pen. Good night, Mr. Fluffey! (*Aside to him, mysteriously.*) I've something to say to you—mum!

[*Putting her finger to her lip, and retiring up.*

O'Scu. (*Turning* Fluffey *round to him who is wondering at* Miss Penelope's *conduct.*) Good night, Snuffy! (*Aside to him.*) We shall meet again—mum!

[*Same play as* Miss P.

[*Exeunt* Snugsby, Miss P., *and* O'Scupper, *at* c. *the two latter repeating their signals to* Fluffey.

Flu. (*Imitating them.*) "I've something to say to you, mum." "We shall meet again, mum." What can they mean? I always had a horror of mysteries! whether from the natural openness of my disposition, or from reading the Mysteries of Udolpho at an early age, I don't know; but this I do know—that I don't feel altogether so comfortable in the Tropics as I should wish! What can be the matter with the future Mrs. Fluffey? Nobody seems to know—then why not send for a doctor—that's what we should do in England, then why not in the Tropics? then to make me pass my first night in a solitary sort of out-house; a visitor would not be treated so in England, then why should he in the Tropics? No matter, a night is soon passed; so before I lie down, I'll just

take a survey of the premises (*takes candle—opens window—the candle is extinguished*) of course! It's a singular fact, but I've remarked that I've never particularly objected to being left in the dark, that the candle wasn't sure to go out! I don't even know whereabouts the bed is! (*feeling about, knocks against sofa*) come, no nonsense! it's a sort of couch—that'll do, so I'll just lie down as I am. (*Lies down with his head towards the foot of the couch.*) What a delicious thing a good stretch is! (*Leans his head back and nearly falls off—gets up and lies down the other way of the couch—pause—then suddenly sits up.*) Holloa! I've had no supper! I used to enjoy that meal in England, why shouldn't I in the Tropics? Ah! (*Yawning and lying down again—pause—goes to sleep and snores violently.*) Who's that snorning? if there is—one—thing—more. [*Goes to sleep.*

[*A tap at the window heard.*

Flu. (*Half asleep.*) Come in.

[*The window opens, and a head appears.*

Voice. Massa! Massa! Maxwell!

Flu. (*Half awake.*) Umph!

Voice. Bery good news about de moder and piccaninny!

Flu (*Half awake.*) What's that about a murder in Piccadilly?

Voice. Massa! (*Very loud*—FLUFFEY *jumps up and hides behind the couch.*) Moder and child quite well.

[*Disappears.*

Flu. Mother and child quite well! The voice distinctly said, "Mother and child quite well!" What mother? what child? It's nothing to me. I'm not supposed to take an interest in all the mothers and children in the Tropics! Holloa—thieves—somebody at the door!

[*Hastily runs behind the screen, door opens, and an old* NEGRESS *enters enveloped in a cloak, a lantern in her hand and a cradle under the cloak.*

Neg. Hist! massa Maxwell—massa (*comes down*) I spose him sleep—no—dere him is. (*Seeing* FLUFFEY's *head above the screen.*) Make haste, massa Mac—

Flu. What the deuce is massa Mac!

Neg. Him all right!

Flu. Oh! it's all right, is it?

[*Comes out from behind the screen, the* NEGRESS *takes him by the arm and leads him mysteriously forward.*

Neg. You not know me, eh?

Flu. Can't say I do; the fact is, yours is that sort of face that nobody can see and ever forget.

Neg. I'm de nurse, he! he!

Flu. Oh! you're the nurse, are you? (*Aside after looking intently at her.*) Now, to my idea, this is a woman without the slightest pretensions to beauty.

Neg. Oh! massa Max—

Flu. Poo! don't massa Max me! what's your business, Mrs. Blacky?

Neg. Oh! massa, you boder me so. Why you no gib me de key of little gate, eh?

Flu. (*Aside.*) What can the tawney object mean?

Neg. But neber mind, I'b got him!

Flu. Oh! you've got him, who?

Neg. De piccaninny.

Flu. (*Aside.*) She's in Piccadilly again!

Neg. De babby!

Flu. Ha! ha! what, you've got a baby, have you?

Neg. Iss, of course.

Flu. Well, all I can say is, if the baby's like its mamma, it must be a beauty!

Neg. Iss, the moder's very lubly!

Flu. Is she! (*Aside.*) I wonder now if this mahogany colored creature ever looks at herself in the glass?

Neg. And she lub you dearly.

Flu. (*Alarmed.*) Come, Mrs. Blacky, no liberties!

Neg. Oh! neber fear; me rader die than tell the secret!

Flu. Secret?

Neg. Me nebber get de poor young lady turned out ob doors by de family, nebber!

Flu. Young lady! secret! good gracious!

Neg. So I put him on de couch, dere, (*goes to couch, takes a very small baby's cradle from under cloak and places it on the couch unseen by* FLUFFEY, *who is wrapt in thought*) dere, and now massa, I come back for him in half an hour; good bye, massa. [*Going.*

Flu. Here, stop—

Neg. No time now, massa; come back presently; take care of piccanninny. [*Exit at* L.

Flu. The woman's mad! evidently driven crazy by something that happened to her Piccadilly! absurd—(*goes to the couch and sits down on the cradle; child screams violently; jumps up hastily.*) Murder! (*runs to the table, brings down lantern and holds it close to the table.*) Ha, ha! it is an infant! What's your name? Who are you? What do you want? (*Shouting and shaking the cradle violently; child screams lustily.*) Hold your tongue, will you? (*comes forward.*) Ah, I see it all! yes, Miss Emily's mysterious indisposition; the young mother; the indignant family; the secret; the baby; I've hit it. (*Banging the cradle.*) Catch me coming to the tropics again for a wife! but what's to be done? (*Child screams.*) Silence—I did not address myself to you! (*Knock at the door*) here's somebody else. Blacky come back for the child! Come in.

Enter Miss Penelope *at* c.

Flu. (*Running to her.*) Here, take it! Miss Penelope? [*Hastily holding the cradle behind his back.*

Pen. Hush! (*Bringing him cautiously forward.*) Mr. Fluffey. (*Aside, during which Fluffey keeps alternately looking at Miss P. and then taking a peep at the cradle.*) Yes, I must at all risk prevent a duel; I'll confess to him my nephew O'Scupper's attachment to Emily, and prevail on him to renounce her hand.

Flu. (*Aside.*) I really think I do see a sort of a kind of a likeness.

Pen. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Fluffey!

Flu. Miss P.

Pen. You are doubtless surprised at this visit!

Flu. Why—I might have been in bed.

Pen. Listen! a motive of gigantic importance brings me here; in a word, I am come to confess to you a tale of secret love—

Flu. Eh? You? (*Aside.*) Poor old soul, who'd have thought it. (*Aloud.*) Don't distress yourself, Miss P., I know all about it.

Pen. (*Astonished.*) You do? Well?

Flu. Well?

Pen. I vow you surprise me most agreeably! I dreaded your indignation.

Flu. Lor bless you, its nothing to me.

Pen. But my brother Snugsby, I quite dread.

Flu. Don't alarm yourself, I'll talk the old gentleman over.

Pen. You will? oh, you dear man; then I'll leave it in your hands, eh?

Flu. No, I'd rather you took it away with you.

Pen. It? What?

Flu. Why—the—you know—take it, its yours!

[*Holding out cradle to* MISS PENELOPE, *who screams and retreats*; FLUFFEY *following her, holding out the cradle.*

Pen. Mine! oh you wretch! (*About to rush at him.*) Hark! footsteps?

Flu. Ha, ha! Somebody else.

Pen. (*Aside.*) Should it be nephew O'Scupper. (*Aloud.*) Where can I hide, ah, here! (*Runs to the door* R. *stops*) Mr. Fluffey, lie down and go to sleep instantly.

Flu. Its very easy to say go to sleep instantly.

Pen. I entreat.

Flu. Pooh!

Pen. I implore.

Flu. Absurd.

Pen. Your life's at stake! [*Enters room.*

Flu. Oh lud!

[*Jumps on couch and begins snoring violently*; MISS P. *shuts door after her.*

Rain heard—Enter MAXWELL *in large cloak and hat at* C. *door.*

Max. Zounds, what a shower! the coast seems clear! yes.

Flu. (*Without moving.*) Now who can this be?

Max. Can the old nurse have arrived with her precious charge during my absence?

Flu. What is he mumbling to himself about?

Max. As for going to sleep that's quite out of the question.

Flu. Quite, I've given up the idea long ago.

Max. What an uncomfortable position is mine.

Flu. So is mine; but I'm afraid to move.

[MAXWELL *takes off his wet coat and flings it on* FLUFFEY; *then sprinkles him with the wet of his hat.*

Max. Heigho! (*Sits down upon* FLUFFEY, *who shouts and jumps off.*) Ah! (*Seizes the lantern left on the table by* MISS PENELOPE, *and holds it up towards* FLUFFEY.) Who are you? Speak, or you're a dead man!

Flu. Keep your distance, or I blow your brains out. [*Threatening him with the cradle.*

Max. What are you doing here?

Flu. What I've been doing this last hour—trying to go to sleep.

Max. In my apartment?

Flu. Your apartment? (*Aside.*) Then this must be Mr. Massy Mac. (*Advancing to* MAXWELL *and in a mysterious manner.*) The mother and child in Piccadilly are quite well!

Max. (*With great energy.*) Ah!

Flu. Here! (*Presenting the table to* MAXWELL, *who eagerly takes it and kisses child.*) Who wouldn't be a father!

Max. (*Aside.*) He might betray my secret, I must deceive him! (*aloud*) ah! sir, you speak feelingly, you doubtless are a father?

Flu. No, sir, I havn't come the paternal yet!

Max. (*Markedly.*) Nor I!

Flu. (*Laughing.*) Oh! come—come—

Max. (*Very forcibly.*) Nor I. I presume I need not explain how this tender infant was thrown upon my hands.

Flu. Oh! dear, no, it's off mine, that's all I care about.

Max. (*Aside.*) Who can he be? (*aloud*) sir, not a word of what you know.

Flu. But what do I know? I should very much like to know what I do know!

Max. Pshaw! Remember my words, sir! One syllable to any human being of what you have seen and heard to night—and you're a dead man?

Flu. But good gracious—

Max. Silence! Farewell! (*Going—stops.*) Well remembered, since it is evident you possess the confidence of—a certain individual—you know who—give that individual this key it opens—you know what.

[*Mysteriously.*

Flu. Of course I do! (*Aside.*) I hav'nt the most distant

conception what he's talking about. (*Aloud and taking key.*) I will!

Max. (*Aside.*) Now then, at all hazards, to see my beloved Katrine. (*Goes towards door—stops.*) Remember—from this moment I follow you like your shadow—one word—one look! and—

[*Imitating action of stabbing—puts on* FLUFFEY'S *hat—much too small, and goes out at* C.

Flu. "One word—one look—and—" (*Imitating.*) I don't think I ought to stand this sort of thing any longer—it's time the British lion was roused! Damme, I'll kick up a dust in Jamaica! I'll be the talk of the Tropics! (*Shouting.*) Come back Massy Mac, and give me satisfaction—I'll after him! (*Putting on* MAXWELL'S *hat—much too large for him.*) Holloa! he's walked off with my hat—I say, you sir—come back—Holloa! [*Runs out at* C.

Enter Miss PENELOPE *hastily from* R.

Pen. Now then, to make my escape and report these mysterious proceedings to Brother Snugsby (*goes towards* C. *and opens door.*) some one else—a woman too!

[*Hastily retreats behind the screen.*

Emi. (*Putting her head in at door in* C.) Hist! hist! sir—Mr. Fluffey! can I come in? (*Enters cautiously.*) He must be asleep! I almost wish I had not ventured—but this letter—this sudden declaration of my cousin O'Scupper's attachment, compels me to throw myself on Mr. Fluffey's generosity, and implore him to renounce my hand! (*Aloud and calling.*) Sir—Mr. Fluffy! it is I! Emily.

O'SCUPPER *outside at* C. *door.*

O'Scu. Holloa! Mr. Duffey. [*Knocking at door in* C.

Pen. Ah! [*Again retreating behind screen.*

Emi. My cousin's voice! what will he think if he sees me here? He must not.

O'Scu. (*Without.*) Open the door and save me the trouble of tearing it off the hinges.

[*Shaking door violently.*

Emi. Oh mercy! [*Runs into room,* R.

O'SCUPPER *forces door open and Enters.*

O'Scu. By my faith, but Mr. Guffey must be a sound sleeper! but I think I've an article here that'll disturb his slumbers: (*Taking a brace of pistols from his pocket and placing them on table*; EMILY *opens door, and is seen to listen.*) But stay, don't let me be rash;—cousin Emily might'nt perhaps like to have Mr. Guffey sent out of the world on her account. With all my heart, I'll get up a quarrel with him about something else. I'll differ with him entirely! I'll tell him I'm not partial to his personal appearance! (*Turns,* EMILY *hastily closes the door.*) What's that? Somebody shut that door. The coward's hiding himself. I'll have him out! (*Runs and tries to open door, which is held back.*) Come out—come out.

[*Trying to open door.* Miss P. *takes two or three steps towards door in* C. *but immediately runs back on seeing* FLUFFEY *enter at the door.*

Flu. (*Fanning himself.*) Pheugh! what a run I've had of it. I thought I should have caught him; but I didn't. I've caught nothing but a violent cold in my——[*Sneezes,* O'SCUPPER *turns, and they both perceive one another at the same time.*

Both. Oh!

Flu. (*Aside.*) Now, how did he get here. There must be trapdoors on the premises. A considerable quantity of trapdoors. [*Looking about.*

O'Scu. (*Looking from* FLUFFEY *to door at* R., *and then at* FLUFFEY *again.*) How did you get here?

Flu. If you come to that, how did you get here?

O'Scu. (*Aside.*) If he's here, it can't be he that's there, (*pointing to door* R. *Taking* FLUFFEY'S *arm to bring him down.*) Mr. Duffey!

Flu. Fluffey!

O'Scu. Do you see that door?

Flu. I think I may venture to assert, without hesitation or prevarication, that I do see that door!

O'Scu. There's somebody on the other side of it!

Flu. (*Aside.*) That stupid old creature, Miss Penelope, not gone yet.

O'Scu. Who's your friend?

Flu. Excuse me—gallantry forbids! [*Conceitedly.*

O'Scu. That's enough! (*Goes to table and brings down*

pistols.) I hope your gallantry won't forbid you taking your choice of these! You know what they are?

Flu. (*Looking at them with eye glass.*) I should say, a species of fire arms!

O'Scu. Pistols!

Flu. Oh!

O'Scu. I see we understand one another, so follow me. [*Going.*

Flu. But we don't understand one another! all I can gather from your rather unconnected and slightly disjoined conversation, is, that the article you carry, is a sample of that species of firearm, called a pistol; but what its virtues and properties are——

O'Scu. To send a brace of bullets through your head, unless you open that door.

Flu. If this is meant for a joke young man, you'd better try another, because I don't like it,—I don't like it! Zounds, damn it, who do you take me for?—who does any body take me for? One chap blows my brains out if I open my lips—another blows them out if I don't open a door! I won't stand it. So if you want a fight, I'm your man. None of your cowardly twelve paces for me—no—muzzle to muzzle, across a handkerchief—toss for first fire—heads I win, tails you lose, that's my way of doing business.

O'Scu. Very well! then I needn't say what I was going to say!

Flu. You may as well! I'm open to an apology!

O'Scu. Pshaw! I was merely about to observe, that there was a way of avoiding this duel.

Flu. So there is. By not fighting! I like your notion.

O'Scu. No, sir; but by your instantly discovering to me the individual concealed in that room. But, I forget, your gallantry won't allow you.

Flu. Won't it though! (*Crosses to* R. *door—runs to door—his attempts to open it are resisted.*) Let go the handle! (*Shouting,*) Unhand the handle!

O'Scu. It's no one—we must fight!

Flu. But it is of use, and we won't fight! (*Pulling the door open.* FLUFFEY *recoils across the stage to* L. EMILY *comes out,* Ha! ha! somebody else! Another trap door at work.

O'Scu. Cousin Emily.

Flu. Mrs. Fluffey, elect!

O'Scu. (*Furiously to* FLUFFEY.) Now, sir—will you explain?

Flu. I would, if I could; but I can't! I'm lost! bewildered! I give it up!

Emi. Cousin!

O'Scu. Madam! allow me to say that your presence here, is at least ill-timed.

Flu. Very ill timed, ma'am. I ought to have been asleep an hour ago.

Emi. (*To* FLUFFEY.) To you, Mr. Fluffey, I apologize.

Flu. (*Opening his carpet bag, takes out nightcap and shirt.*) She doesn't seem at all inclined to go. I'll see if I can't frighten her away. (*Puts on his nightcap.*) Ahem!

Emi. (*Aside to* O'SCUPPER.) Cousin, you are unkind! And when you know that I came here solely to prevail on Mr. Fluffey to renounce my hand.

[FLUFFEY *goes up to table to pistols, and takes out the charges.*

O'Scu. Can it be possible. Oh, you jewel!

[*Kissing her hand.*

Emi. No time must be lost. My guardian will soon be here.

O'Scu. What's to be done?

Emi. Watch for his approach, and let me know when he's near.

O'Scu. I will—I'll stand sentry among the bushes, while you——

Emi. Appeal to the generosity of your rival.

[*During the above,* FLUFFEY *is seen deliberately taking the charges out of the pistols.*

O'Scu. Farewell. [*About to go out,* FLUFFEY *stands in his way and presents the pistols.*

Flu. (*Fiercely.*) You know what these are! Pistols! Take your choice.

O'Scu. I accept your apology.

Flu. Fiddlesticks! I insist on fighting! I never felt such an inclination to fight before.

O'Scu. Pshaw! [*Pushes him aside and runs out.*

Flu. (*Shouting after him.*) Coward—ah! (*Levelling pistol after* O'SCUPPER. EMILY *screams.*) Don't be afraid ma'am—they're not loaded. I mean—that is——

[EMILY *takes the pistols from his hand, places them on table, and then leads him forward.*

Emi. Mr. Fluffey is doubtless surprised at this visit!

Flu. Ma'am, Mr. Fluffey's short sojourn in the Tropics has taught him not to be surprised at anything in the Tropics.

Emi. Now, sir, to the point! The marriage, which is in contemplation between us, is impossible!

Flu. Well, that is to the point, certainly. (*Aside.*) 'Pon my life, as that hideous old woman said, she is berry lubly!

Emi. Oh, that you could have guessed my secret!

Flu. How could I have the most distant particle of suspicion. (*Aside.*) Really, Mr. Massy Mac is a lucky fellow. (*Aloud.*) I certainly heard you were indisposed; but how you could possibly contrive to keep Mr. Snugsby in the dark——

Emi. Oh—he was quite aware of it!

Flu. Was he? (*Aside.*) The old rascal!

Emi. But why talk of such a trifle?

Flu. Trifle! ha! ha!

Emi. Oh Mr. Fluffey—don't—don't insist on marrying me.

Flu. Lor bless you—not I! You love another; she told me so.

Emi. She? who?

Flu. The—that frightful old woman—you know.

Miss. P. (*From screen.*) The wretch means me.

Flu. So I give you up—resign my pretensions in favour of——

Emi. My dear cousin!——

Flu. Oh—you have got two cousins, eh?

Emi. No; only one!—my cousin O'Scupper.

Flu. No—no. I mean t'other chap!

Emi. The other! [*Indignantly.*

Flu. I'm getting slightly confused: let's have a clear understanding—you're quite sure it's Mr. O'Scupper that you're in love with?

Emi. (*Tenderly.*) Oh, quite!

Flu. Very well—then how does it happen that it was t'other chap that insisted on my considering myself a dead man if I didn't keep the secret? in short how does it hap-

pen that it was he who walked off with—our—little Piccadilly friend?

Emi. Really, sir—I don't understand.

Flu. No more do I; all I know is that a mysterious stranger, Number one, placed him in my arms—that I handed him over to mysterious stranger, Number two, who in his turn, gave me something else—and, as you are evidently the "certain individual,"—you know who—why take this key—it opens, "you know what!"

[*Presenting key.*

Emi. That key!—how came it into your hands?

Flu. I was desired to give it to you.

Emi. No such thing? he ought to have it!

Flu. He! what he?—which he? There are two he's! which of the he's? [*O'Scupper runs in* C. *door.*

O'Scu. The enemy's in sight!

Emi. My guardian?

Miss P. (*From screen.*) My brother!

Emi. He must not find me here.

O'Scu. If he does—you'll be compelled to marry her.

Flu. (*Very quickly.*) Hide—hide, if you love me!

[*Hurries Emily into* R. *and shuts door.*

O'Scu. Not a syllable to my uncle—but I'll not trust you. Behind this screen I shall be able to over-hear—

[*Goes to screen but Miss Penelope moves it closer round herself.*

O'Scu. Holloa!

Flu. *Hush* 'tis the old lady, Miss P.

O'Scu. My aunt! Oh, you Don Juan, you! (*Poking him in the ribs.*) Ha! ha! [*Going towards window.*

Flu. Stop. (*Bringing him back.*) Since it is decidedly you who are the—certain individual—you know who—take this key—it opens—you know what!

O'Scu. (*Takes key—examines it—returns it to* FLUFFEY.) Don't know any thing at all about it. [*Goes to alcove,* L.—*conceals himself behind the curtains.*

Flu. (*Twisting the key about.*) There! I knew she was wrong. I knew it was t'other chap! That can't be either—for since 'twas t'other chap that gave me the key, it can't be t'other chap that—— Bother the key.

Enter SNUGSBY *at* C *doors—the heads of* MISS PENELOPE, EMILY, *and* O'SCUPPER *disappear at the same moment.*

Snu. (*After locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, comes down close to* FLUFFEY—*taps him on the shoulder.*) Fluffey!

Flu. (*Starting.*) I wish you wouldn't—— Holloa! how did you get here? More trap doors.

Snu. (*Very mysteriously.*) Hush! are we alone?

Flu. Quite alone! (*Aside.*) There are only five of us.

Snu. Fluffey! I've an enormous secret to unfold.

Flu. (*Aside.*) Another secret! I shall have such a lot of them I shan't know which is which. (*Aloud.*) Unfold!

Snu. You must know then——On second thought, I won't tell you.

Flu. Mr. Snugsby, my curiosity is painfully excited. You must unfold! Unfold, Mr. Snugsby!

Snu. Well, then, the fact is——But first—sister Penelope must be kept in the dark.

Miss P. (*From screen.*) No she mustn't!

Snu. (*To* FLUFFEY, R.) I say she must!

Flu. (L.) Well!—

Snu Well—you said she mustn't.

Flu. Not I.

Snu. I say you did.

Flu. I didn't.

Snu. Never mind, you must know, then, that my ward, Emily.——

O'Scu. Ah!

Snu. (*To* FLUFFEY.) You may well say, ah!

Flu. But I didn't say—ah!

Snu. You did.

Flu. (*Fiercely.*) I didn't!

Snu. Never mind. The fact is then, that Emily will only have half my fortune. (*Very mysteriously.*) In a word, I have a son.

Flu. A what?

Snu. A son.

O'Scu. (*Behind.*) Ha! ha!

Snu. (*To Fluffey.*) It's no laughing matter, sir.

Flu. I didn't laugh.

Snu. You did.

Flu. (*Indignantly.*) I did not. (*Suddenly.*) Ah! [*Pla-*

cing his hand on SNUGSBY'S *forehead and looking earnestly in his face.*

Snu. What's the matter?

Flu. I see it all—the mother!

Snu. Ah!

Flu. Piccadilly!

Snu. Eh?

Flu. The child!

Snu. What child?

Flu. Yours. I've seen it—I've felt it—had it in my arms—in its cradle.

Snu Pshaw! he's now in full gallop to Kingston.

Flu. More shame for you, unnatural parents. You tied him on of course.

Snu. Nonsense, you know my secret; did he tell you?

Flu. He! what at his time of life!—absurd!

Snu. Well, but—

Flu. Stop a bit. Since it's quite clear you are the "certain individual—you know who—take this key; it opens—you know what."

Snu. The key of my garden gate—(*Puts it in his pocket.*) And now, my dear Mr. Fluffey, since you are acquainted with this—trifle——

Flu. Trifle!—ha! ha! (*Aside.*) Morality is evidently at a discount in the Tropics.

Snu. I say, of course it will be no interruption to your marriage with Emily?

Flu. Delicious! (*Very seriously.*) Mr. Snugsby, how a man of your time of life—how a man with such a considerable quantity of grey hairs—can dare——

Snu. Dare, sir?—dare!

Flu. Yes, sir. In a word, sir, Miss Emily herself—not five minutes ago—on this very spot——

O'Scu. (*Rushing out and seizing* FLUFFEY.) Silence, or I'll strangle you.

Snu. (*Seizing* FLUFFEY.) Speak, or I'll throttle you. You said Emily was here.

O'Scu. Uncle, you're mistaken.

Flu. Uncle, you're mistaken.

[*Getting behind* O'SCUPPER.

O'Scu. He said a female.

Flu. I said a female, I'll take my oath of it.

O'Scu. And here she is. [*Removes screen.*

Snu. My sister! Well, Mr. Fluffey, all I can say is, if you prefer Penelope, you've my consent—take her.

Flu. Stuff! absurd! ridiculous!

Miss P. Am I suspected? Very well. Brother Snugsby, search that room. [*Pointing to door*, R, 1 E.

[*Door opens, and* EMILY *enters.*

Snu. Emily!

Max. (*Without.*) Where are they? (*Runs in at* C, *throws his arm round* SNUGSBY, *shakes hands with* EMILY, *and* O'SCUPPER *kisses* MISS PENELOPE.) Give me joy! everybody give me joy! (*Turns and flings his arm round* FLUFFEY, *who struggles.*) Still here? Never mind; there's no longer any need of secrecy—I can now declare my marriage to all the world?

Miss P. } Marriage?
O'Scu. }

Snu. Married? You?

Max. Yes,—for more than a year!

Snu. But who to? Who to?

Flu. Who to? Good gracious! and can this sort of thing have been going on foot for twelve months under your very nose (*to* SNUGSBY) without your smelling it out—without your having even the remotest sniff of what was going on. Snugsby, you're obtuse! (*To* MAXWELL *and* EMILY.) Come here—(*joining their hands*)—there! bless you, my children!

Snu. Holloa! What?—my ward?

Miss P. Emily?

Snu. Your wife? [*To* MAXWELL.

Flu. Of course. Come, Snug, fold them to your aged bosom—oblige me by folding them to your aged bosom.

Emi. (*Smiling.*) And pray, Mr. Maxwell, since when have I been your wife?

Max. (*Smiling.*) I really can't tell; I must refer you to Mr. Fluffey.

Snu. Explain, Fluffey.

O'Scu. Elucidate, Puffey.

Flu. Come, I say, are we going to begin again?

Snu. }
Miss P. } Speak!
O'Scu. }

Flu. (*Shouting.*) I will explain—I mean to elucidate—and if anybody doesn't like what I'm going to say, when I've said what I'm going to say, all I can say is, I'll give 'em satisfaction—with those pistols though. I've my reasons for preferring those pistols!—so here goes—(*crossing his arms and very deliberately.*)—the Mother and Child, in Piccadilly, are quite well.

Snu.
Miss P. } Child?

Flu. Yes! (*Seizing* MAXWELL *by the collar.*) Young man! where's the infant? Produce the babby—you had it last—where is it?

Max. Fast asleep in the arms of its doating grandpapa, Mynheer Von Poots!

Snu. What! I see it all—Katrine——

Max. Is my wife!

O'Scu. And cousin Emily——

Max. Our kind and faithful confidante.

Snu. Then all's cleared up.

Flu. (*To* EMILY.) Lovely lass, behold me at your feet.

Snu. No, no, you turned up your nose at her just now.

Flu. What of that? I can't help turning up my nose, it's the peculiar construction of that organ.

Snu. You rufused her hand.

Flu. I did not.

O'Scu. Puffey, you did—decidedly did.

Flu. Suppose we argue the point?

Emi. Suppose I settle it. Cousin, here's my hand.

Flu. (*Goes forward.*) Now what do you think of my treatment in the Tropics? Rather cool, eh? Never mind, now I am here, I may as well make myself comfortable Now ladies—dear ladies—I address myself to you. Ladies, you who are mothers—you who hope to be mothers, (and I know *you all do*, so don't deny it,) rouse your maternal feelings in favour of this our bantling; *adopt it*, *find it a home*—a parish—*let it be* HERE; and then "the Mother and Child" must do well.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

R. L.

MAXWELL. O'SCUPPER. EMILY. FLUFFEY. SNUG. MISS P.

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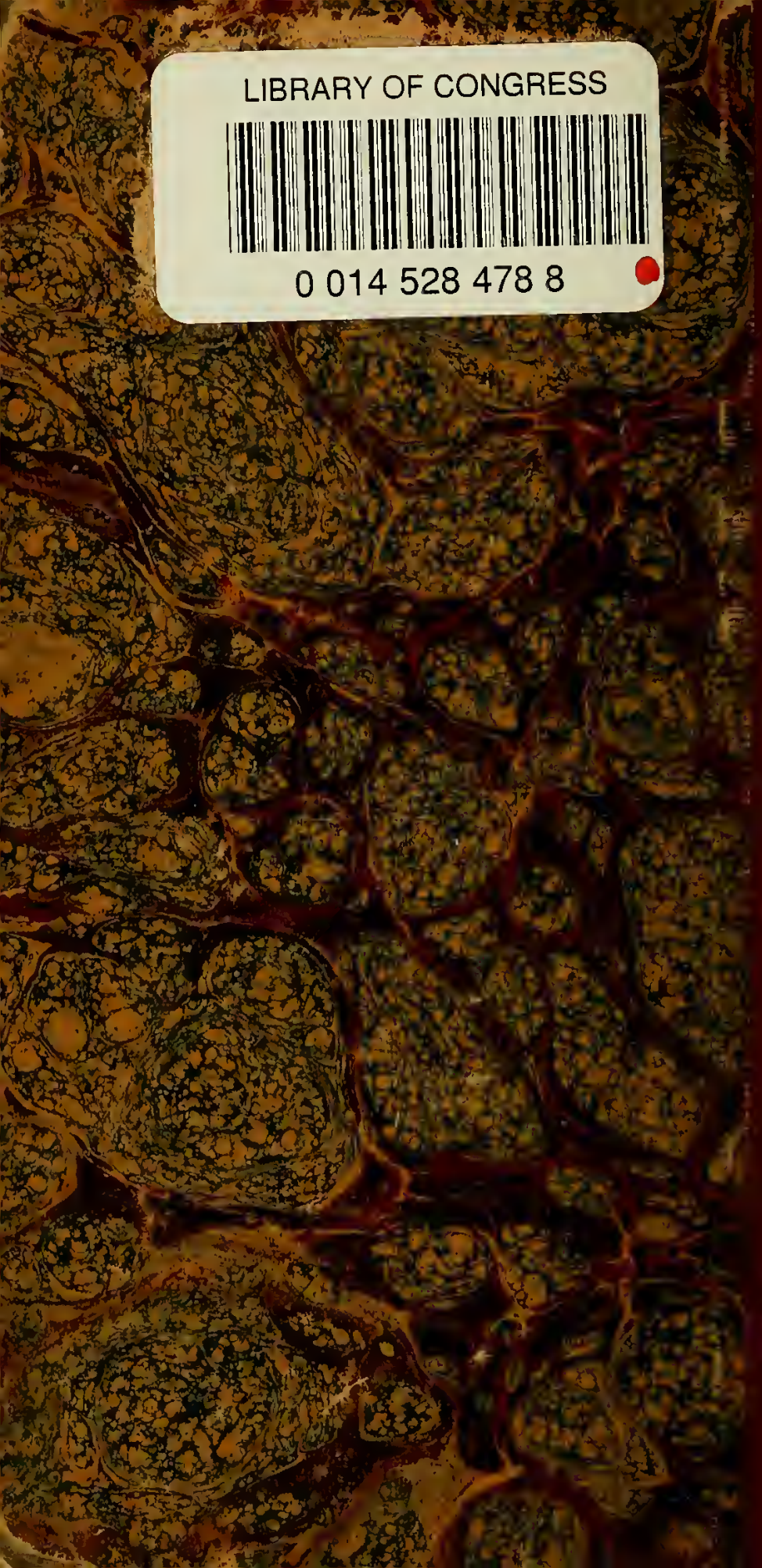
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